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THE BEQUEST OF  
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# **HYMEN'S RECRUITING-SERGEANT;**

OR THE NEW

*MATRIMONIAL TAT-TOO,*

FOR

## **OLD BACHELORS.**

---

Inviting all both big and small,  
A lovely wife to take;  
Ncr longer lead—Oh! shameful deed!  
The life of worthless rake.

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**BY THE REV. M. L. WEEMS,**  
*Lodge No. 50, Dumfries.*

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**HARTFORD:**  
**S. ANDRUS AND SON,**

1845.

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HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918

TO ALL THE  
SINGLES,  
WHETHER MASCULINES OR FEMININES, THROUGHOUT  
THE UNITED STATES.

---

DEAR GENTLES,

I AM very clear that our *Yankee heroes* are made of, at least, as good stuff as any the best of the beef or frog-eating gentry on t'other side of the water. But neither this, nor all our fine speeches to our President, nor all his fine speeches to us again, will ever save us from the British gripe or Carmagnole hug, while they can outnumber us, *ten to one!* No, my friends, 'tis population, 'tis *population alone*, can save our bacon.

List then, ye Bach'lors, and ye Maidens fair  
If truly you do love your country dear ;  
O, list with rapture to the great decree,  
Which thus in Genesis you all may see :  
*"Marry, and raise up soldiers, might and main,"*  
Then laugh, you may, at England, France and Spain.

Wishing you all, the hearing ear—the be-

lieving heart—and a saving antipathy to  
apes,

I remain yours, dear Gentles,

In the bonds of

Love and Matrimony,

M. L. WEEMS.

# **HYMEN'S**

## **RECRUITING SERGEANT.**

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And the Lord said, "*It is not good for the man to be alone.*"—*Gen. ii. 15.*

No, verily, nor for the woman neither. But, what says the preacher? Why, "I will," says Paul, (and Paul, you know, was a sound divine) "that the young women marry, and love their husbands; and raise up good children." 'Tis well said, most noble, patriotic Paul! May the children of Columbia hearken to thy counsel! that there be no more old Bachelors in our land, like scrubby oaks, standing selfishly alone, while our maidens, like tender vines lacking support, sink to the ground; but that, united in wedlock's blest embraces, they may grow up together as the trees of the Lord, whose summits reach the skies, and their branches overspread the nations, making their country the pride and glory of the earth!



*"I will that the young people marry,"* says Paul.

Ay, that's the point, there let us fix our eyes—  
There all the honour, all the blessing lies.

For, 1. If you are for *pleasure*—Marry!  
2. If you prize *rosy health*—Marry!  
3. And even if *money* be your *object*—  
Marry!

Now let's to the point and prove these precious truths. Draw near, ye Bachelors of the willing ear, while, with the gray quill of experience I write,

## THE PLEASURES OF THE MARRIED STATE.

Believe me, citizen Bachelor, never man yet received his full *allowance heaped up and running over*, of this life's joys, until it was measured out to him by the generous hand of a loving wife.

A man, with half an eye, may see that I am not talking here of those droll matches which, now and then, throw a whole neighbourhood into a *wonderation*; where scores of good people are called together to eat mince-pies, and to hear a blooming nymph

of *fourteen* promise to take—"for better and for worse" an old icicle of four score! Or to see the sturdy glowing *youth*, lavishing amorous kisses on the shrivelled lips of his *great grandmother bride*! Oh, cursed lust of pelf! From such matches good Lord, deliver all true hearted republicans! For *such matches* have gone a great way to make those sweetest notes, *husband and wife*, to sound prodigiously *out-o'-tunish*. The old husband, after all his honey-moon looks, grunts a jealous bass, while young madam, wretched in spite of her coach and lute-strings squeaks a scolding treble; making between them, a fine cat-and-dog concert of it for life.

But I am talking of a match of true love, between two persons who, having virtue to relish the transports of a tender friendship, and good sense to estimate their infinite value, wisely strive to fan the delightful flame by the same endearing attentions which they paid to each other during the sweet days of courtship. If there be a heaven on earth we must (next to the love of God) seek it in such a marriage of innocence and love! On the bright list of their felicities, I would set down, as the

## FIRST BLISS OF MATRIMONY,

*the charming society, the tender friendship it affords!* Without a friend it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Madeira sparkle in his goblets, and princely dainties smoke upon his table; yet if he have to sit down with him, no friend of the love-beaming eye, alas! the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's "dinner of herbs, where love is," is to be envied.

Let the self-scraping Bachelor drive on alone towards Heaven in his solitary sulky; the Lord help the poor man, and send him good-speed! But that's not my way of travelling. No! give me a sociable chaise, with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly-folding arm may flush my spirits into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place, that best devotion—gratitude and love!

Yes, the sweet drop in the cup of life is a friend; but where, on earth, is the friend that deserves to be compared with an affectionate wife? that generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother—looks to you alone for happiness—wishes in your soci-

ety, to spend her cheerful days—in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath—and fondly thinks the slumbers of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two such fond hearts, in one united, forms a state of friendship, of all others, the most perfect and delightful. 'Tis a marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interest.

Are you poor? Like another self she toils and saves to better your fortune. Are you sick? She is the tenderest of all nurses; she never leaves your bed-side; she sustains your fainting head, and strains your feverish cheeks to her dear anxious bosom. How luxurious is sickness with such a companion!

Are you prosperous? It multiplies your blessings, ten thousand fold, to share them with one so beloved. Are you in her company? Her very presence has the effect of the sweetest conversation, and her looks, though silent, convey a something to the heart, of which none, but happy husbands, have any idea. Are you going abroad? She accompanies you to the door—the tender embrace—the fond lengthened kiss—the last soul-melting look—the precious evidence of love! these go along with you; they steal across your

delighted memory, soothing your journey; while dear, conjugal love gives transport to every glance at home, and sweetens every nimble step of your glad return. There, soon as your beloved form is seen, she flies to meet you. Her voice is music—the pressure of her arms is rapture, while her eyes, Heaven's sweetest messengers of love! declare the tumultuous joy that heaves her generous bosom. Arm in arm she hurries you into the smiling habitation where the fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast, prepared by her eager love, fill your bosom with a joy too big for utterance.

Compared with a life like this, merciful God! how disconsolate is the condition of the old Bachelor! how barren of all joy! Solitary and comfortless at home, he strolls abroad into company. Meeting with no tenderness nor affection to sweeten company, he soon tires, and with a sigh, gets up to go home again. Poor man! his eyes are upon the ground, and his steps are slow; for, alas! home has no attractions. He sees nothing there but gloomy walls and lonesome chambers. Alone he swallows his silent supper—he crawls to his bed and, trembling, coils him-

self up in cold sheets, sadly remembering that  
with to-morrow's joyless sun, the same dull  
round begins again !

SONG I.

In the world's crooked path where I've been,  
There to share in life's gloom my poor heart,  
The sunshine that soften'd the scene  
*Was—a smile from the wife of my heart!*

Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,  
But to labour, with glee, will depart,  
If, at eve, he expects to be blest  
*With—a smile from the wife of his heart!*

Come, then, crosses and cares as they may,  
Let my mind still this maxim impart,  
That the comfort of man's fleeting day  
*Is—a smile from the wife of his heart!*

SONG II.

When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,  
A loving wife still cheers us ;  
Our grief or raptures she'll partake ;  
Distresses but endear us.

While man's professions all will fly,  
Nor dying will abet you ;  
But meet your corpse as passing by,  
And, with a sigh, forget you.

While round your bed the *mourning fair*  
Hangs, like a drooping willow,  
Each pang or sigh still anxious share,  
Nor leave your wo-worn pillow.

Then charge your glasses to the fair ;  
May beauty ne'er be slighted—  
That source of bliss by whom we are  
*Conceived, brought forth—delighted !*

Then, O ! protect the lovely fair ;  
Be mindful of your duty !  
May vengeance ne'er the villain spare,  
A foe to love and beauty.

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## SECOND BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

*It gives us lovely children, to perpetuate our names ; to enjoy the fruits of our honest industry, and to derive to us a sort of new existence, which we fondly hope will be more prudent and happy than the first.*

Ye tender parents ! say, what music in nature is equal to that which thrills through your delighted nerves when your little prattlers, with infant voice, first attempt to lisp your names !

See Florio and Delia ! happy pair ! Sur-

rounded by their young ones, blooming as spring—sweet as smiling innocence—and laughing like the Graces!—pulling at their knees to catch the envied kiss—while the fond parents, with eyes swimming with delight, gaze on them and on each other, filled with gratitude to Heaven for such precious treasures, and daily and gloriously employed in training them up to virtue and happiness. Delightful task! pleasure more than mortal! A pleasure which, according to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed when he beheld the works of his hands, and saw that all was good.

Compared with pleasure so exquisite, with pursuits so dignified and important as those of the married lady, the amusements of the single, are, sometimes at least, rather diminutive and girlish.

Delia was lately visited by a wealthy old maid, a cousin of hers, who entertained her with a world of chat about her diamond necklaces, gold ear-rings, and so forth, which she displayed with great satisfaction. She was scarcely done before Delia's children, returning from school, ran into the room, with blooming cheeks and joy-sparkling eyes, to kiss their mother. Delia, then, with all the transports of a happy parent, exclaimed,



*"These, my dear cousin, are my jewels, and the only ones I admire."* Glorious speech! worthy of an American lady! for those living ornaments which give to our country plenty and peace, and security in war, add a brighter lustre to the fair, than all the sparkling jewels of the East.

Item—The pleasures which a fond parent finds in the circle of his children are the purest and most exquisite in nature; kings and conquerors have gladly left their crowded levees to caress and play with these, their little cherubs; nay, he who was greater than all earthly kings and conquerors, used to delight in the company of the little innocents, and said, *"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God;"* and he took them up in his arms, and kissed them, and blessed them.

The prime minister of Agesilaus, coming into the palace, found that great prince in high romp with his children. Just as the old Ahitophel (a Bachelor, of course) was beginning to relax his stern features into a grin, the king pleasantly observed, "My friend, don't say a word in this matter, until you become a parent." A fond parent likewise finds something wonderfully improving in the so-

ciety of his children. Even a stranger cannot look on their sweet countenances, without feeling the charm of innocence, and catching something of their amiable spirit; how, then, can a parent otherwise than catch from them the finest sentiments of tenderness and humanity! gazing on their faces till his heart aches within him; straining them to his bosom till the tear starts in his eye, how can he be cruel, even to the children of the stranger?

The French Hanibal, Bonaparte, (who is a married man,) at the head of an inferior force fell in with the Austrians. Just as they were advancing to action, Bonaparte seeing two poor little children in the fields, crying at the sight of so many dreadful faces, commanded the troops to halt till, with the assistance of a corporal, he had removed them out of danger. The eyes of the Frenchmen sparkled on their gallant chief. They raised the song of war—the Marseilles hymn—the song of heroes fighting for their hoary sires, their weeping wives and helpless babes. The Austrians fell before them, as the fields of ripe corn fall before the flames that are driven on by the storms of Heaven.

## ADVICE TO

## SONG I.

FLORIO TO DELIA.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'r's,  
We, who improve his golden hours,  
By sweet experience, know  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good  
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;  
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring  
Whence pleasures ever rise;  
We'll form their minds with studious care,  
To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,  
They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
And crown our hoary hairs:  
They'll grow in virtue every day,  
And thus our fondest loves repay,  
And recompense our cares.

## SONG II.

How blest has my time been! what days have I known,  
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Delia my own!  
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play

How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Delia and me.

What though on her cheeks the rose lose its hue.  
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year through;  
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he takes from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,  
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam;  
To hold it for life you must find it at home.

### SONG III.

Though grandeur flies my humble roof,  
Though wealth is not my share,  
Though lowly is my little cot,  
Yet happiness is there.

A tender wife with mild control,  
By sympathy refined,  
When rage the tumults of the breast,  
Becalms the troubled mind.

Three pledges of our mutual love,  
Kind Providence has given,  
And competence to nurse their hopes,  
Is all we ask of Heaven.

With arm entwin'd in arm we sit,  
And join their hands to pray;

And teach the accents of their tongue  
To hail the God of day.

Accept, great Father of us all,  
Accept their little prayers ;  
And grant the nurslings of our youth  
May bless our silver hairs.

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### THIRD BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

*It increases the pleasure of defraying family expenses.* “ *Where love is,*” said the great William Penn, “ *there is no task ; or if there be, the task is pleasant.*” To part with money, is oftentimes a hard task—a *bitter pill* ! nothing but love can gild it completely. For want of this charming *gold leaf*, the pill is apt to stick by the way and to cause wry faces. I was lately an eye-witness to something of this sort : An old Bachelor, who, from the vulgar error that a wife is an expensive piece of furniture, kept house for himself, had cheapened a parcel of *tea and sugar* ; nicely avoirdupoised and wrapped up, they were presented to him ; alas ! the painful moment is come, and he must bid adieu to his gold.

I saw the sigh of his bosom arise, while the colour fled from his pallid cheek!—when he smote his hand upon his pocket, his heart failed him, and he exclaimed, not without a *groan*, “*Ah ! 'tis a sad thing to be obliged to lay out so much money on these nick-nacks ! But, yet what a plague can one do without a cup of tea for one's friends ?*” With that, he dragg'd up his purse into open daylight ; but full as reluctantly as ever poor rogue hauled off his doublet to receive Moses's law from the twinning cow-hide.

But, *Oh ! wonder-working love ! to thee the fond husband owes, and gratefully will own, that the purchase of conveniences, for his family, is one of the sweetest luxuries of life.* The happy Florio has often assured me, that the appropriation of these *good things to himself* could never afford him a thousandth part the pleasure which he derives from purchasing them for his beloved wife and children. “*How charmingly,*” says he, “*will Delia appear in this, and what a look will she give me when I present it to her ! and, at sight of these, what transports will our dear little ones be thrown into ! what frantic joys ! what sparkling eyes, what rapturous kisses.*” Ye poor, leafless Bachelors ! Ye withered stem

of the barren fig ! Oh, think of these things and yet be happy. Verily, you know not yourselves so well as he that made you ; therefore, believe him when he assures that " It is not good for man to be alone."

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#### FOURTH BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

*'Tis the only money making state. At this I see a smile brightening on the face of the old bachelor. "Egad," quoth he, "prove but that and I'm your man. Many a good day ago should I have been married, but was afraid I was not able to maintain a wife."*

*Maintain a wife !* Citizen Bachelor, you mistake the matter quite : The Creator did not send the ladies here to be your pensioners, but your helpmates. And many a family do I know, now in easy circumstances, that would, long ere this, have been on the parish, had it not been for the virtues of the petticoats.

SONG.

THE HUSBAND'S FIRE-SIDE.

The hearth was clean, the fire clear,  
The kettle on for tea ;  
And Florio, in his elbow-chair,  
As blest as man could be.

Bright Delia, who his heart possess'd,  
And was his new-made bride,  
With head reclin'd upon his breast,  
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,  
A fav'rite dog was laid ;  
By whom a little sportive cat,  
In wanton humour play'd.

His Delia's hand he gently press'd ;  
She stole an am'rous kiss ;  
And blushing, modestly confess'd  
The fulness of her bliss.

Young Florio, with a heart elate,  
Thus pray'd Almighty Jove—  
“ *Oh, Source of Good ! be this my fate,  
Just so to live and love.*”

And as for you, young sparks, who are  
pleased to think of a wife as of an elegant  
plaything, intended only to dress and dance,



visit and spend money, please to look at the following picture of a good wife drawn by the pencil of Solomon, (with a touch or two of an American brush.) Prov. xxxi.

Verse 10. Behold a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies.

12. She riseth with the day and prepareth breakfast for her household ; yea, before the sun is risen she hath her maidens at work.

13. She seeketh wool and flax, and layeth her hand willingly to the spindle, while her right-hand merrily turneth the wheel.

14. She looketh well to the way of her family, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

15. She regardeth not the snow, for her household are clothed in fearnought.

16. By her much industry her cheeks are made ruddy like the rose of Sharon, yea, her nerves are strengthened, so that when she nearteh talk of the hystericks, she marvelleth thereat.

17. Her house is the habitation of neatness, so that the heart of her husband is refreshed when he entereth into her chamber.

18. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth much cloth to the merchants.

19. Her husband is known in the gates by

the fineness of his apparel, for she maketh him clothing of silk and purple.

20. Her turkey cometh in plenteously in his season, and the fat duck, yea, also the green goose is oftentimes seen self-basted at her spit.

21. Her poultry multiplieth exceedingly in the land, even as the black-birds in the cornfield for multitude, so that she feedeth her household daintily on chicken pies.

22. Her kine is fat, and well favoured, they know not the hollow horn, for while the winter is yet afar off she provideth them a house; their rack is filled with hay and their manger lacketh no food, hence her dairy is stored with milk, and her firkins with choice butter.

23. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.

24. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

Now, citizen Bachelor, will you any longer talk about maintaining such a wife as this! And such a wife every good girl in America will make, if married to the lad of her heart.

Yes, she will do him good. What will not generous woman do for the husband of her love? Did not queen Eleanor, when her hus-

band (king Edward) was pierced with a poisoned arrow instantly apply her sweet lips to the ghastly wound and extract the venom at the loss of her own precious life? Blest saint, thy shining is now in Heaven, and thy place far above all nuns!

Did not Mrs. Ackland (the wife of a British Major, last war) leave her dearest relations, to cross the stormy seas, following her husband to America, the scene of war and blood, that she might see his face and share his danger? Dear, unhappy, woman! what were your agonies, when arriving near Saratoga, you saw your husband's regiment holding unequal fight with Morgan, sinking fast under the dreadful fire of his riflemen. The sad remains of slaughtered troops, returned, but he returned not. She flew to the fatal field. She found him low, weltering in blood; with a feeble cry she sunk on his face, his eyes swam in tears, but his voice was not heard. The warriors of Columbia wept around. The rifles fell from their hands. Enmity was no more, and nature, dear common mother, smiling through tears, enjoyed the generous sorrows of her sons. They bore the bleeding hero to their own hospital; where she attended him day and night till she

could convey him to New-York, where she sunk under a consumption brought on by so much anxiety and fatigue.

Oh, what will not generous woman do for the husband of her love? she will enrich him, not only by her own industry and management, the natural fruits of her love, but also by those excellent habits of Industry and Frugality which she forms in him.

He will be far more industrious, because he is working for the dear woman he loves, and love, we know, makes light work.

Who has not heard of Mr. Goodridge, (Portsmouth, Virginia,) or what sea has not been ploughed by his numerous keels? and yet Mr. Goodridge owed it all (under heaven) to a good wife. While a bachelor he worked hard and made money, but it was all soon squandered on frolicking and grog. At twenty-two he married a girl, poor in wealth, but rich in love, industry, and health. For the sake of her he instantly quit his old tippling companions and prodigality. He possessed in the world but one negro man and a flat, (a large open boat) in which he coasted it along up James river to the mouth of Nansmond, 14 miles, for oyster-shells to sell in Portsmouth and Norfolk. Happy as a prince,

when he was returning with his load, to see his dear girl. In a couple of years he picked up money enough to buy just such another boat and a slave for his wife. See them now in their two little boats (dearer far in the sight of God than any two first-rate men of war) holding their loving course up the river for their humble freight. After carrying on their oyster-shell trade for some years with great success, they purchased a little shop, afterwards a store, and in about thirty years, they had as many as fifteen sail of vessels at sea!

And as to that great fortune-making virtue, frugality, the good Lord have mercy on the Bachelors! for there is not one in ten of them who has so good a notion of it as has a monkey; for thrifty Jacko will put away the balance of any good nuggets that he happens to fall in with; but among young Bachelors, the eternal cry is, Who will show us any fun? Hurra for the horse-race, the cock-fight and the billiard-table, or the bagnio. Dash go the dollars! the hard scrapings, and tight savings of a poor old father's life.

Glorious youth! the sharper cries,  
Glorious youth! the — replies.

But, (Lord, what is man without a wife!) this *glorious* youth is soon seen sneaking along with the sheriff; his creditors fasten upon him and pick him to the bone. Cheated out of his estate, and ashamed to lift up his booby face, he stalks among his rich relations, on whom he has the honour to be billeted for life. This is the end of many a *green-horn*, who runs into bad company and ruin, for want of a beloved wife, to make his home and plough a pleasure to him.

But see Florio, married to the charming woman he loves, is under no temptation to go abroad into expensive and dangerous amusements. His home is his Paradise; he never leaves it but with regret, he returns to it with joy. His Delia, and his sweet little prattlers, constitute his circle of happiness. For their sakes, he applies with double pleasure to business; shuns all unnecessary expense; studies every decent art of economy, and is getting rich very fast.

## SONG.

The man who for life is blest with a wife,  
Is, sure, in a happy condition:

Go things as they will, she's fond of him still;  
She's comforter, friend, and physician.

Pray where is the joy, to trifle and toy,  
Yet dread *some disaster* from beauty.  
But sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,  
Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

One extravagant Miss won't cost a man less  
Than twenty good wives that are saving;  
For, wives they will spare that their children may share  
But Misses for ever are craving.

A good old gentleman, a Friend, driving along one morning through a certain street in Philadelphia, saw his son sneaking out of a brothel. Young Hopeful, having a quick eye, caught the venerable form of his father, and instantly slunk back confused. The old gentleman ordered his coachman to stop at the door, and called out, "Isaac! my son! my son! never, while thee lives, be ashamed to come out of a bawdy house; but for ever be ashamed to go into one."

Ah! my friend, an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Had thee, like Abraham of old, but sought out for thy son some lovely Rebekah, some sweet loving wife, to comfort the young man, there would have been no need to chase him out of a

bawdy house. But alas! "The love of money is the root of all evil; which while some covet for their children, they suffer them to err from the path of innocence; and to pierce them through with many sorrows."—PAUL.

### HINT TO PARENTS.

"Neighbour Franklin," said a gentleman of Philadelphia to the old Doctor, "I have made to-day a run of excellent small beer, can thee tell me how to preserve it; for my poor neighbours, some of them, are rather too fond of small beer?" "Why," replied the Doctor, "I believe there's nothing like clapping a pipe of good wine alongside of it."

That youth can hardly be one of the *elect*, who can leave the pure nectar of a dear wife's embraces, for the accursed cup of a harlot's arms.

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### FIFTH BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

*It excites the noblest virtues.* The man who truly loves his wife, desires, above all



things to be beloved by her. This tender sentiment has contributed wonderfully to polish and exalt human nature. What charming manners ! what amiable dispositions ! what heroic virtues ! what divine characters have not generous husbands assumed and cultivated, to make themselves more worthy of their beloved consorts and to give them the pleasure to hear their praises !

## SONG.

## LOVE LIKES TO IMITATE.

I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say—" *'twas a barbarous deed !*  
For he ne'er could be true," she averr'd,  
" Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;"  
And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,  
How that pity was due to a dove ;  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she call'd it the sister of love.  
But her voice such a pleasure conveys,  
So much I her accents adore,  
That whatever of goodness she says,  
Methinks I still love her the more.

When that great man Epaminondas, was asked which had been the happiest days of his life, he replied, "the day on which I obtained that victory over the enemies of my country, and remembered that my wife was alive to hear the news."

Yes, a fond husband has an infinite advantage over the old Bachelor, a tenfold animation to every thing great and good. He anticipates the raptures of his beloved family on hearing of his noble actions, and the high respect which a grateful public will pay them for his sake. And on the other hand, the very thought of a base action startles him; its dreadful effects on his wife and children! He sees them drowned in tears, hanging their heads, and ashamed to go into company for ever after. Accurst idea! No; if it be the will of all-wise Heaven that my children be poor, let them inherit an honest poverty, and let their little cottage be cheered with the sweet beams of innocence.

## SIXTH BLISS OF MATRIMONY

*It preserves youth from the harlot's clutches.*  
'Tis Heaven's decree, that the race of man shall be kept alive by the union of the two sexes. To render that union certain, he cropt a twig of love from the tree of life, and planted it in the human bosom. This sweet passion, wisely directed, to wedlock, is a source of the purest satisfaction; but, degenerating into brutish lust, it hurries poor deluded youth into dangers, and evils, the very thought of which is enough to make a parent tremble. Alas, poor Eugenio ! Eugenio was the handsomest young Bachelor Carolina ever boasted ; his fortune a clear 10,000 pounds, and his education liberal. In the full bloom of twenty-three he went to London to complete his studies of the law. At the play-house he was ensnared by the fatal charm of a beautiful harlot, in whose distempered arms he met destruction. Bitter were his lamentations when he found that no medicines could cure, and that all his own, and the fond hopes of his friends were blasted forever. He returned a mere skeleton to Carolina, and there died in the arms of his broken-

hearted parents. Thus short was the life, thus miserable the end of one who was entitled to match with any of the finest women in all America.

Once, from my window as I cast mine eye  
On those that pass in giddy numbers by,  
A youth among the foolish youths I spied,  
Who took not sacred wisdom for his guide :  
Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,  
And evening soft led on the shades of night,  
He stole, in covert twilight, to his fate,  
And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate ;  
When, lo ! she came ! and in such glaring dress,  
As fitly did the harlot's mind express.  
The youth she seized, and laying quite aside  
Blest Modesty, the female's justest pride,  
" I came this moment just to meet my dear,  
And lo ! in happy hour I meet thee here."   
Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,  
And from her lips such welcome flattery fell,  
Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters tied,  
Resign'd his sense, and swift to ruin hied !  
Not so the man to whom indulgent Heaven,  
That tender bosom friend, a wife, has given.  
Him, blest in her chaste arms, no fears dismay  
No secret checks of guilt his joys allay ;  
No sad disease, nor false embrace is here,  
His joys are safe, his raptures all sincere.  
Then, Oh, my sons, attend ! attend may they,  
Whom youthful vigor would to sin betray !  
Dare to be wise ! haste—wed the blooming bride,  
In sense and truth her lovely sex's pride.  
Her tender love can best thy soul secure ;  
And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door ;

Who, with curs'd charms, lures the unwary in,  
And soothes, with flattery, their souls to sin ;  
Lest you, too late, of her fell pow'r complain,  
And fall where thousands mightier have been slain.

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### SEVENTH BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

*It preserves youth from black eyes and broken heads.* If lust has slain its thousands of inconsiderate Bachelors, anger has slain its tens of thousands. Against this, too, an amiable wife is one of the best antidotes. Our sex is hard and unloving, too fond of quarrelling and throat-cutting. Lovely woman was given to sooth and to soften ; and, verily, the young man who walks without one of these charming guards, walks in jeopardy every hour. Draco is a young Bachelor. For amusement sake he often strolls to a tavern, whither he carries with him the ill temper he got from nature, increased by long habits of tyrannizing over little negro slaves. He soon falls in with young men as self-willed and passionate as himself. Contradictions lead the van ! contentions follow ! abuse succeeds

contention ! and blows, black eyes and broken heads bring up the rear.

Great God ! on what a slender thread  
Hangs man without a wife !  
Untimely oft by lust or hate,  
He ends his wretched life !

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To riasc the Bachelorstomb ;  
And fiercest passions wait around  
To drive the sinner home.

It was once hoped that the religion of *love* founded by Christ, would have preserved our young Bachelors from these hateful passions ; but that religion has rather lost ground among people of *weak heads*. Such, however, still have hearts, and all hearts are within reach of the ladies. Their sweet looks and gentle manners may yet recover them to humanity. How often have we seen, that when a company of wrangling Bachelor politicians had worked themselves up into redness and rage, threatening battle royal, the sudden entrance of a fine girl has instantly called them to order, and made the old heroes look as sweet and smiling as so many

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bridegrooms. Now, gracious Heaven! if a single glance from lovely woman can thus turn passion into peace, fury into friendship, what may not be expected from the happy man who is married to one of these all-refining charmers? This is Florio's case. Married to Delia, the gentlest of her sex, his temper sweetened, and his manners polished, by his passion for her, he gradually, as is the nature of love, falls into an imitation of those gentle virtues he so highly admires in her. These graces, thus naturally learned from her, he carries with him into the circle of his acquaintance, where they make him dear to every body. Hence, when he takes leave of Delia in the morning to go into company, her tender bosom is not alarmed with fears that he may come home at night with a black eye or a broken head, or be brought in a corse, murdered in some bloody fray. No, no; thank God, she knows that he is safe; she knows that he loves and is beloved by every body. It is to this amiable wife that Florio if indebted for much of his engaging manners. *She* taught him

"To feel the generous passion rise,  
Grow good by loving, mild by sighs."

## EIGHTH BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

*It preserves a young man from that worse than hellish practice, duelling.*

"The single state," says Doctor Johnson, "has no joys." No wonder, then, so many young fools with hot livers and fiery blood, are in such a passion to be quit of it. But the case is very different with him whose life is happy, and who has such strong ties (a dear wife and children) to attach him to it. "I have often wondered," said Florio, "how a married man can ever be tempted to fight a duel. When I am sitting with Delia, surrounded by my romping, laughing little ones, those precious parts and members of myself, who hang on me not only for the tenderest joys of life, but for bread and protection, I feel my life so inestimably valuable, that to sport with it and risk it in a duel, appears to me to be the most horrid crime that I could possibly commit. If I am but slightly indisposed, Delia is wretched ; were I in a duel to get shot through the head, and to be left on the field weltering in blood, is there a tongue on earth, that could tell her the tidings ! And what would become of my poor deserted or-



phans? Who, like their parent, would press them to his bosom, dry up their tears, bear with their infirmities, supply their wants, and thus lead them through the paths of virtue here to endless happiness hereafter?"

O blessed matrimony, of Prudence and Love! What tongue can tell thy benefits to Man! Instituted of God in Paradise, honoured of Christ by his first miracle; you still convert the desert into an Eden, the commonest water into the richest wine. Reuniting man to his other half, you restore him to his natural his dearest friend. Calling him from the deadly haunts of harlots, gamblers and duelists, you lead him into the peaceful circle of his beloved wife and children; there you harmonize his passions, sweeten his temper, and, by inspiring him with the love of innocence and of virtue, you give him to taste the purest felicities of this life, and prepare him to drink of those rivers of love and joy, which flow at God's right hand, for ever more.

Oh, generous parents! natural guardians of your children! Encourage them to marry; to marry early. 'Tis the voice of all wisdom, human and divine.

What says God himself? "'Tis not good for man to be alone." Then least of all for a young man.

What says Solomon? "My son, rejoice with the wife of thy youth, and let her be as the loving fawn and pleasant roe, let her breasts satisfy thee at all times, and be always ravished with her love; for why, my son, wilt thou embrace the bosom of a harlot, whose way is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

And what says the American Solomon? "Early marriages are the best, they settle young men, and keep them out of bad company and connexions, which too often prove their ruin both in mind, body and estate."

And if after Solomon and Franklin, we dare mention Common Sense, what says Common Sense? Why, Early Marriages are best. They fix on youth the virgin passions, which if suffered to wander from beauty to beauty, contract at length such a taste for variety, that though married at last to the most elegant woman on earth, she would find her arms deserted for those of a cook-wench!

With this great view then, (early marriage,) for sweet heaven's sake let us cease to educate our children as fine Ladies and Gentlemen when we have nothing to give them! This most unfortunate practice has strangled more matches, and propagated more vice and mi-

sery than any other. By bringing up your son to be ashamed to work—to scorn it as fit for none but negroes—to affect the airs, company and pleasures of the great, when you can't, perhaps, give him 500*l.* on earth, you are doing him the greatest of all possible injuries. You cut him off from all the happiness of marrying the woman he loves, though bright and good as an angel, if she have not money. And you set him upon all the crimes and curses of courting, cringing and lying to the woman he loves not, just for the sake of her land and negroes; and after trotting him up and down the country with a negro fellow and portmanteau at his tail, courting every rich old body he can hear of—knocked about like a shuttlecock, backwards and forwards from widow to maid and from maid to widow! Now, by a smile vaulted up to the highest ceiling of hope; then by a frown, tumbled on the hard floor of despondence; to day, blest as an angel, in full prospect of marrying a fine fortune—to-morrow, curst as a *dæmon*, at seeing his girl and guineas borne off by a hated rival. Thus after running the gauntlet, between sour-looking fathers, bridling mothers, and haughty jilting daughters, for ten or fifteen years, perhaps the

poor wretch is farther from a fortune than he was at first. Nay, gray, wrinkled and ugly—over head and ears in debt—dunned by creditors—depressed in spirits—hale fellow well met, with gamblers, pick-pockets, highwaymen, horse thieves and duellists, he takes refuge in hard drinking, turns desperate, and from extremity of wretchedness, blows out his brains, or compels justice to hang him up like a dead dog, despised !

Oh, for God's sake, and as you prize your son's happiness, train him up betimes to habits of industry, and give him a good profession, or trade. This will soon put him in a way to maintain a family. By the time he is twenty-one his Creator kindly prepares for him a helpmate, and invites him to the happy union by the sweet whispers, of love. He sees the charming maid—"Grace in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and charm. He feels a joy unfelt before." Eagerly inquiring after the lovely stranger, every tongue celebrates her virtues, her industry, her modesty, her sweetness of temper, her prudence, her admirable attention to her parents, her brothers and sisters !—He is in raptures. She also has heard him extolled as a dutiful son, a tender brother, and

an industrious honourable young man.— Trembling he tells his passion—In her enchanting blushes he reads his happy destiny— She consents to make him blest. In the full bloom of twenty-one, with a mind pure as unsunned snow, chaste and delicate as an angel, he clasps the yielding maid. Love and conscious innocence exalt their joys to raptures ! And while the fortune-hunter is anxiously trotting up and down, to and fro in the earth, like another poor devil, seeking what wealthy maid or widow he may devour, our Florio and his Delia, like Milton's happy pair "em-paradised in each others arms, enjoy their fill of bliss on bliss." They too, by waiting, might have married some good rich old bodies, with negroes, land and chariots to make a noise in the world ; but what's the world to them, its pomps, its vanities, and its nonsense, all, who in each other clasp every virtue that can ensure competence and bliss ? They feel the generous wish to surround each the other's dearer self, with all of this life's comforts ; to these, love gives the flavour of dainties. They feel "that better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than stall-fed beef, and hatred therewith."

FLORIO'S SONG

When first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove,  
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few  
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The spring our drink bestow'd,  
 But when her lip the brim is press'd,  
 The cup with nectar flow'd !

Sweet love and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
 No other guest came nigh ;  
 In them was given, tho' gold was spar'd,  
 What gold could never buy.

No value has the splendid lot,  
 But as the mean to prove,  
 That from the palace to the cot,  
 The all of life is love

But, says the fortune-hunting bachelor, "is not a full cradle and an empty cupboard a great evil?" true, but none but a great slug-gard and drunkard need ever have that evil to complain of. "Well but (quoth he again) is not the education of children confoundedly expensive and heavy on a poor fellow?" yes, if that poor fellow choose to play the fool and miseducate them. If he choose his

daughter to spend her time in reading novels, lying abed, mimicking the fashions, trailing her silks, and playing the fine Lady; he'll find her expensive enough, ay, and long enough too, I'll warrant. And if he is for bringing up his son for a fine Gentleman, dressing like a jay, cantering away to horse races, betting on odd tricks, drinking and blustering at taverns, he'll find him abundantly expensive; and after all his toil and trouble to maintain this fine young gentlemen of a son, he must be constantly getting between him and the sheriff, giving bail of some sort or other. Children thus educated are the heaviest cross, cost, and curse of a man's life.—But, “my children, says Florio, are my wealth. My love for them and their dear mother, called forth that industry and economy which first gave me property, and now they improve it. My daughters scorn to be gaping after the vain fashions and finery of the ambitious rich, but find their happiness in their gratitude to heaven, their industry, innocence, and mutual love. They affect not the trifling part of fine Ladies, but the high character of useful women. Their dear fingers milk our cows, make our butter, spin and weave our apparel, prepare our food,

beautify our house with flowers, and render us a thousand important services : while our sons one of them manages our farm, another superintends our mill, and the third keeps our store. Love sweetens their service—parental affection enhances its value, and their tenderness and fidelity afford us perpetual delight.” Happy parents who have such dear children to govern ! Happy children who have such parents to obey ! “ Good children are a treasure from the Lord—blessed is the man whose quiver is full of them.”

Dear Bachelors, as it fared with the ingenious Gen. Hamilton, who found, after writing volumes on the blessings of government, that the more he wrote, the more he might, even so, (if I may compare little men with great) it fares with me writing on the felicities of the married state. I have written already, I think, a full quantum, sufficient to satisfy any reasonable Bachelor among you, that the married life is, of all lives, the most happy ; and a good wife, of all goods, the most precious. I have shown, that “ her price is far above rubies,” insomuch that, without her, Adam, though in Paradise, could not be happy. I have shown that she is so truly a part of man (bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh)



that separated from her, man is but like "an odd volume of a set of books," a mere thing of vexation ; or, "like the half of an old pair of shears," hardly worth laying by, "to scrape a trencher." In fact, I have shown that a good wife is "Heaven's last best gift to man"—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his *Sal Polychrestum*, or gem of many virtues—his Pandora, or casket of celestial jewels—that her presence, forms his best company—her voice, his sweetest music—her smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips, his faithfulest counsellors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head. My willing pen has for an hour past, been pouring these delightful truths, over twenty large pages of Maxwell's elegant printing ; and yet on looking back on the subject, feel pretty nearly, I suppose, as the benevolent Latrobe feels, when, on looking over blue winding Schuylkill, he rejoices that he has yet in store such a fair Jordan of purifying waters for the yellow fever. Such, dear

gentlemen, and greater also is my joy, when after all the effusions of my pen on the subject, I look back and see what a noble tide of arguments in favour of conjugal bliss, I have yet to pour down upon you, to wash out the leprous stains of old Bachelorism; and extinguish, if possible, the pestilence of celibacy. Yes, I have yet to run out upon you, (I mean only the stiff necked and unbelieving) another and a heavier tier of *obligations* to marry—obligations founded on the mighty base of goods, national, universal, and eternal. I have yet to show you, that if you love the Creator, you ought to marry, to raise him up worshippers, and to make them happy—that if you love mankind, you ought to marry, to perpetuate the glorious race—that if you love your country, you ought to marry, to raise up soldiers to defend it—in fine, that if you wish well to earth or heaven, you ought to marry, to give good citizens to the one and glorious angels to the other.

Now, citizen Bachelor, if to render such important services, “the prophet had bid thee to do some great thing, oughtest thou not cheerfully to have done it? how much more then when he saith unto thee—marry!” Marry that dear creature whom God took out of thy

side, the warm region of the heart, to be thy heart's comfort, and thy life's companion—Marry, friendship, love, youth, beauty, tenderness, truth, health, wealth, innocence and happiness, individual and national ; temporal and eternal.

To these sweet persuasives to wedlock, dear Bachelors, I could add many others of a rougher aspect ; I could tell you what the great legislators of all nations have thought of old Bachelors, and how cheap they have held them ; I could tell you what broad hints of disapprobation were shown them by those mighty republicans the Greeks and Romans ; how they were jeered and jested, taxed and tormented ; how, (degraded to wood-cutters and water-pumpers, to scavengers and watchmen,) they were obliged to cleanse the streets, and bawl the time of night ! while the justly privileged and happy married men, fondly clasped in beauty's arms, were spending the downy hours in sweet connubial bliss ; but I spare you ! May the words which you have at this time read with your outward eyes, make such an impression on your innocent feelings that you may, soon as convenient, renounce the sorrows and insignificance of celibacy and assume the dignity, the usefulness, and

joy of the married state ! Then, and not till then, shall you find the true relish of your fatted calf ; your water shall be turned into wine ; the throbbings of your bosoms shall be quieted ; and happier than the penitents of old, you shall have rejoicings over you, not in Heaven only, but also on the earth

SONG.

I am married and happy. With wonder hear this,  
Ye rovers and rakes of the age ;  
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,  
And whom only loose pleasures engage.  
You may laugh, but believe me you're all in the wrong,  
When you merrily marriage deride ;  
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,  
And in them we can only confide

The joys which from lawless connexions arise,  
Are fugitive—never sincere—  
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprise—  
Interrupted by doubts and by fears.  
But those which in legal attachments we find,  
When the heart is with innocence pure,  
Are from ev'ry embitt'ring reflection refin'd,  
And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name ;  
True love is with sentiment join'd ;  
But yours is a passion—a feverish flame—  
Rais'd without the consent of the mind.

When, chastity shamming, ye mistresses hire,  
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd;  
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire;  
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me from whence my felicity flows!  
 My answer is short—from a wife;  
 Whom, for cheerfulness, sense, and good nature I chose,  
 Which are beauties that charm us for life.  
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,  
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;  
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,  
 By—our mutual endeavours to please!

## SONG.

(BY DODDRIDGE.)

When on thy bosom I recline,  
 Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,  
 To call thee mine for life.  
 I glory in those sacred ties,  
 Which modern rakes and fools despise,  
 Of husband and of wife.

And mutual flame inspires our bliss:  
 The melting look, the extatic kiss,  
 E'en years have not destroy'd:  
 Some sweet sensation, ever new,  
 Springs up, and proves the maxim true,  
 That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish—'tis all for thee ;  
 Hast thou a wish—'tis all for me ;  
     So sweet our moments move,  
 That angels look with ardent gaze,  
 Well pleased to see our happy days,  
     And bid us live and love.

If cares arise, and cares will come,  
 Thy bosom is my softest home,  
     I lull me there to rest ;  
 And is there aught disturbs my fair,  
 And bids her sigh out all her care,  
     And lose it in my breast.

Wishing you every felicity that lovely  
 wives and beauteous babes can afford to gen-  
 tlemen of sensibility and patriotism, I remain,  
 dear Bachelors,

Your very sincere friend,

M. L. WEEMS.

P. S. Please to excuse this little token of  
 love. I hope to send you a better shortly.

*Definition of the odious word OBEY, in the  
Marriage Ceremony.*

Let none e'er say the fates ordain,  
That man should bear the sway ;  
When reason bids let women *reign*,  
When reason bids—*obey*!

FINIS.

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